

A  
P R O S P E C T  
O F T H E  
N A V Y R O Y A L:  
O R, A

Panegyrique upon the Fleet:

Humbly Addrest to the Most Illustrious

P R I N C E R U P E R T,

Upon the Occasion of his going as

A D M I R A L  
T O T H E  
S E A,

the 23 day of *April*, 1673.

With a Description of the

F L E E T.



London, Printed in the Year 1673

PROCEED

IN

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OF

TO

the day of

1872



London, Printed by



A  
P R O S P E C T  
O F T H E  
N A V Y R O Y A L.

While I, in pleasing Melancholly sat,  
Reflecting on this Islands happy state;  
When, from the top of an aspiring Tower,  
I view'd at once, it's *Beauty* and it's *Power*;  
Pleas'd to behold how safe we are from harm,  
Embrac'd by *Thetis* kind, and Clasp'ing arm:  
Blest Isle said I, and full of Natures Pride,  
So *Beautiful* and so well *Fortifi'd*;  
At last my Unrestrained Senses strove  
Farther, than Nature gave them strength, to rove:  
My eyes a lavish freedom I allow'd,  
Which nothing cou'd confine, but *Sea*, or *Cloud*,  
Until, at length, where *Skies*, and *Waters* met,  
Where these did seem to *Rise*, and those to *Set*;  
At first a *Leafless Wood* began to appear,  
But strait it *Undeceiv'd* me, and *drew near*;  
So that my wonder *Ceas'd*, as it *Begun*,  
And my *Slow Thoughts* were, by my *Sight*, *Out-run*;  
Which soon presented to me such a Fleet,  
*Few Nations* ever *Saw*, and *None* dare *Meet*.



A hundred *Moving Castles* floating came,  
 That seem'd the *Winds* to *Calm*, and *Seas* to *Tame*;  
 Each *Swelling Sail* the baffled storm *Out-braves*,  
 And makes the *Ships* look *Prouder* than the *Waves* :  
 Now the *Enlarged Oak*, whose *Fettered Foot*,  
 Had many years, been *Prisoner* to it's *Root*,  
 Gratefully brings new *Tributes*, to that *Earth*,  
 Which gave it both it's *Liberty*, and *Birth*;  
 Joyful in storms, remembering that it knew  
*More Danger*, in *Less Tempests*, while it *Grew* :  
 And thanks the *Axe*, that did commit that *Rape*,  
 To *Cut* it *Down*, and *Give't* a *Nobler* shape.  
 These are the *Arks*, that save us from the *Flood*,  
 Which else might *Overwhelm* our *Land* with *Blood* :  
 These *Guard* our *Prince* from *Villanies Fatal Stroke*,  
 And every *Man of War's* a *ROYAL OAKE*.

The *Grecian Horse*, although it's womb contain'd  
 Heroick souls, whose courage was unstain'd,  
 Might long before the *Trojan Walls* have stay'd,  
 Had not the *Enemy Themselves* betray'd :  
 They first their own destruction did *begin*,  
 And *Made a way*, to *Let* their *Ruine in* :  
 But these *Sea-Horses*, by the *English* backt,  
 Do *Truths*, beyond those *Grecian Fables* act :  
 Our *Moving Forts*, with ease, themselves *Transplant* :  
 Proving the *Castle*, and the *Elephant*.  
 We make a way to be *Victorious*, where  
 Base *Fraud* did never in our glory share :

And

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And fairly *Conquer* all we do oppose,  
So we not only *Beat*, but *Win* our Foes.

Mark now these *Monarchs* of the spacious *Main*,  
Each seems *Attended* with a glorious *Train*:  
The streaming *Pendants* dally with the *Galis*,  
They in like manner court the prouder *Sails*:  
*Below*, the steady *Keels* the *Waves* divide:  
*Aloft*, the *Masts* display their wanton *Pride*:  
*Aboard*, the *Jocund Seamen* pleasant are:  
Yet, in the *Midst* of *Mirth*, *Prepar'd* for *War*.  
They are not *Tyr'd* with a long tedious *March*,  
Nor does the scorching *Sun*, their bodies *Parch*:  
No *Luggage*, there, is to new quarters sent,  
Their *Tent* do's *Carry them*, not they their *Tent*:  
They weary not their *Limbs* by carrying *Arms*,  
Nor in their *Sleeps*, disturb'd by *Strange Alarms*:  
They're always *Fit*, always *Prepar'd* to fight,  
And never *See* the *Foe*, but with delight.  
Now *View* the *Royal Charles*, before the rest,  
*Proud* that they are with such a *Leader* blest,  
Her *Virgin-self* she freely has resign'd,  
To him that's grown the *Terror* of *Man-Kind*:  
The *Matchless Prince*, who, midst the powerful *Foe*,  
Dares *Do*, whatever she dares *Undergo*:  
Before his *Own*, *Her Safety* he'l *Prefer*,  
And rather *chuse* to lose *Himself* than *Her*.  
Have you observ'd at some great *Monarchs Court*,  
Where People of *All Qualities* resort,

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How they pay *Homage*, in their *Several Spears*,  
*Knights* do give place to *Lords*, and *Lords* to *Peers*;  
 But when they come before the Regal Throne,  
 No man is Honour'd but the King alone:  
 So here, we see all the well order'd Fleet,  
 With humble Flag, their Admiral do greet:  
 And seem with joyful shouts, and smiles to say,  
 "This is the Charles and Princes wedding day."

Old Poets feign, when *Jason* went from *Greece*,  
 Hoping to steal, not win, the *Golden Fleece*,  
 That the *small ship*, wherein he safely went,  
 As a gay *Present*, to the gods was sent:  
 But had the *Actions* of our Prince been told,  
 What *Prizes* he has won more rich than *Gold*:  
 How many *Waking Dragons* he has slain,  
 He might bethought to merit what they *Feign*:  
 And having *Finish'd* the successful *War*,  
 His *Charles* might well deserve to be a *Star*:  
 So a new constellation should we gain,  
 If *Rupert's Ship* were joyn'd to *Charles his Vain*.

But see, amidst that *Vast and Royal Town*,  
 Others, that bears *Alliance* to the *Crown*:  
 The *Sovereign* and the *Prince*, two *Sisters* are,  
 Who've *Lost* their *Maidenheads* already there;  
*Ravish'd* by *Boys*, whom they *resisted* so,  
 As in the strife, & affect their *Overthrow*:  
 And the *Redoubled Honour*, they brought thence,  
 Became at once their *Praise* and *Recompence*.



To reckon all your *Hero's*, that do fight  
 For the true *Neptunes* (*Mighty Charles's*) right:  
 To sing of all the *Battails* they have won,  
 Of what they have *Endur'd* and what they've *Done*,  
 Alas! what *Pen*, what *Volumes* would *Suffice*,  
 To write, what *written*, needs must pass for *Lyes*?  
 My *Quill* would undergo *Cassandra's* grief,  
 To utter *Truths*, and yet not gain belief:  
 I should all *Poets Fictions* farr out-doe,  
 Which, with my *truths* compar'd, would all seem *true*.

But stay — Methinks the *Caverns* of the *Oak*,  
 Send forth (like *Aetna*) *Sulpher*, *Fire*, and *Smeak*:  
 Which, follow'd by a harmony of noys,  
 Seem to express the *Seamen's* doubled joys:  
 'Tis even so, the *Mighty Prince* appears,  
 And *chases thence* (already *banish'd*) fears:  
 So, when the *Ever youthful Prince of Light*,  
 'Has well disclos'd, the *Eyelids* of the *Night*,  
 The *Drooping Flowers* erect their *pensive-heads*,  
 Shaking their *Dew*, upon their *Earthly-beds*:  
 And while he courts them *all in Amorous Rays*,  
 Each, greedy of a *Kiss*, her leaves *displays*:  
 Until they see th' espoused *Heliotrope*,  
 To whom they all *resign* their *Widdow'd Hope*:  
 Thus fares it with our *Prince*, each *Frigate* runs  
 To meet, and welcome him with *Beals of Guns*:  
 Cowards whose *pond'rous Soul* so low was *sunk*,  
 That they durst scarce exchange a *cuff*, though *drunk*;  
 Do neither fear the *Dutch*, the *Rocks*, nor *Shelves*,  
 For they are petty *Princes*, now themselves,  
 T'outcht with *Magnetick* vertue, every soul  
 Turns to the *Prince*, as to their *Northern Pole*:

Who

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Who *Shines* on all the *Ships* with *equal* light,  
And none can *Guess* which is his *Favourite*;  
Till caught at last by *Charles's* *Nuptial* *Charms*,  
Briskly he runs into her *Loyal* *Arms*;  
So that no *hostile* *Stratagems*, or *Force*,  
Shall *him* from *her*, or *her* from *him* *Divorce*.

Thus did I please my *Fancy*, and my *Sight*,  
The *One* with *Wonder*, th' *Other* with *Delight*;  
Passing, in solitude, the short liv'd *Hours*,  
While ey'ry *Lust* the *Latter* still *Devours*:  
When *Ten* were *Past*, I scarcely thought 'em *One*,  
As if *Old* *Time* had for a *Wager* *Run*.  
Till by, and by, the *Sun* *Declin'd* apace,  
Seeming in *Hast* to *Wash* his *Ruddy* *Face*.  
But, as he passes by our *Navy*, see  
He bows his *Head*, and *Once* more *Courts* a *Tree*.

Go glorious *Fleet*, go on, and though *black* *Night*  
Ha's *Ravish'd* thee from my unhappy *Sight*:  
Yet, shall my eyes send forth a *Briny* *Flood*,  
Whence I will *Launch* out *Prayers* for thy good:  
A *Gust* of powerful sighs shall *drive* them on,  
Their *Haven* shall be the *Eternal* *Throne*.  
Where, if they e'r arrive, they'll humbly *crave*,  
That in *Just* *Wars* thou *Good* *Success* may'st have.

May our Prince *Finish* what he do's *begin*,  
May he *Survive*, the *Battails* he do's *win*:  
Our *Nations* farther *Safeguard* may he be,  
And may we *Conquer* both by *Land* and *Sea*:  
May *CHARLES* our King his enemies *defeat*;  
And ever be as *Happy* as he's *Great*.

F I N I S.



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